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Communications.

'Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
'Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.'

For the Merrimack Magazine.

"WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS, THERE WILL YOUR HEART BE ALSO."

MANKIND, in general, in purſuit after happineſs, are too apt to imagine that wealth is the only thing which, when poſſeſſed, can yield them perfect happineſs.—Bent on gain, they neglect the preſent moment, and are entirely regardleſs of happineſs within their reach, in anticipating the future, and in dreams of imaginary happineſs, which for them lies concealed beyond the dark curtain of futurity. Stimulated by a ſordid and avaricious diſpoſition, they purſue every imaginary phantom that points out to them the way that leads to the accumulation of riches. While *ſome* uſe more honorable means in enriching themſelves, *others* deſcend to the loweſt and moſt degrading, and ſeem determined to perſevere in the accompliſhment of their deſign, and to ſacrifice their honour, their peace, and their happineſs, at the ſhrine of wealth.—In an age like the preſent, it is not *ſo much* to be wondered at that people are ſo eager in the purſuit after riches, ſince they are eſteemed by the world in proportion as they become rich. The miſer, in hoarding up his treaſure, deprives himſelf of almoſt all the conveniencies and even the neceſſaries of life; he is but a blank in ſociety, lives wholly to himſelf, and devotes the principal part of his time in contriving ſchemes to gratify his inſatiable thirſt for gold. However derogatory to the principles of ſolid reaſoning this may appear, there are many characters of this deſcription, and ſome even upon beds of ſickneſs and death, when their immortal ſouls are "juſt quitting their tenements of clay," reluctantly rid themſelves of this ſordid and avaricious diſpoſition.

"Men heap up riches, but know not who will gather them." Born into the world in poſſeſſion of nothing, they muſt ſubmit to the reaſonable and juſt decree, of carrying nothing with them. To be in poſſeſſion of riches, in ſuch a degree as may be conſidered a competency, is certainly very deſirable, it is natural and reaſonable. But we reflect with horror upon mankind in acknowledging their ſad depravity; in obſerving the influence of gold among men, and how conſpicuous it ſhines in all their actions:

"For gold too oft with magic art,
Subdues each nobler paſſion of the heart;
This crowns the proſp'rous villain with applauſe,
To whom, in vain, ſad merit pleads her cauſe."

Yet from obſervation and experience, we muſt certainly confeſs, that riches of themſelves, are inſufficient to render our lives pleaſant and agreeable. Health and contentment, diffuſe a pleaſing ſerenity over our minds, and ſtrew with flowers the perplexing road of life; in poſſeſſion of theſe we are led to the contemplation of happier ſcenes, in that paradiſe above, where we ſhall bloom in immortal health, and drink deep of the pure waters that flow from the celeſtial fountain of our God. Are we in purſuit of happineſs? It is often found in the lonely cottage, but ſeldom in the ſplendid palace. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe the man who poſſeſſes

"A ſpirit that with noble pride
Can look ſuperior down
On fortune's ſmile or frown,"

enjoys himſelf far better than he whoſe adamantine heart is bound in gold, whoſe eyes are blinded by its dazzling rays, and his ſight contracted ſo effectually, that he can diſcover no beauties in anything which tends to cultivate the mind, or the improvement of their moral and intellectual nature. The days of his life that have ſwiftly glided away, and "numbered with thoſe beyond the flood," can yield him no ſatisfaction in the retroſpect; he is deprived of the ſublime pleaſures of reflection, of memory, and of hope. How has he miſtaken the end of his exiſtence; the dignity of his nature he has never known, nor the rank he is allowed to hold in the ſcale of beings; much leſs is he ſenſible of the exalted and refined enjoyments which his nature is made capable of, by his all-bounteous and glorious Creator.

If fortune has ſmiled, if ſhe has ſhowered down upon us an abundance of riches, we ſhould endeavor to make a right uſe of them, conſider them as talents entruſted to our care, and make them ſubſervient to every humane deſign, inſtrumental to our fellow-creatures, by removing the thorns and briars which infeſt the path of life.

Petrarch, ſpeaking of gold, ſays, "I know it is made to ſolace the wants, and not to nouriſh the paſſions of men. In this view it was originally ſought from the mines, purified, ſtruck, and ſtamped. He who expends it properly, is its maſter; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a ſlave; he who adores it, an idolater; the truly wiſe man, is he who deſpiſes it." Unbiaſſed by prejudice, every candid perſon muſt acknowledge, that Petrarch was warm and haſty in his deciſion. Fond of ſolitude, almoſt to exceſs, he deſpiſed the riches and honors of the world. Although crowned with laurels, acknowledged one of the firſt poets of the age in which he lived, the honor of an acquaintance with the greateſt men in Germany and Italy; yet ſo great was his averſion to the world, that although offered ſeveral of the moſt honorable and lucrative offices of government, he rejected them all, for the ſilent and ſequeſtered ſhades of his beloved VAUCLUSE.

Whatever may have been written on the ſubject, many will ſay, "away with ſuch nonſenſe as this, he writes only for amuſement; I do not believe him, nor do I think *he* believes what he adduces himſelf. All muſt bow to this golden ſceptre; all muſt acknowledge that the love of money reigns predominant in the human breaſt." Such is the language of many; but how unbecoming is it in man, endowed with rational faculties, to argue in a manner ſo diametrically oppoſite to reaſon and common ſenſe.

Happy is the man who poſſeſſes riches, and with them a diſpoſition to do good, a feeling and a benevolent heart. But how few there are of this deſcription among us. Self-love, the grand ruling principle in their breaſts, "ſubdues every nobler impulſe of the heart," and deſtroys all the finer feelings of ſympathy and benevolence. Inſenſible of the pleaſure the good man receives in diffuſing his beneficence, they remain

deaf to the cries of injured innocence, and harden their hearts to the "ſtill ſoft voice of compaſſion." The difficulties and misfortunes of their fellow creatures loudly ſpeak to them for aſſiſtance, but in vain they may ſeek for relief from thoſe whoſe obdurate and unfeeling hearts are callous to the voice of diſtreſs, and whoſe bowels of compaſſion are forever ſhut.

Finally, let us not be over anxious for any thing of a temporal nature, but receive with gratitude the bleſſings of Heaven, perſevere with unwearied diligence, in the ways of well-doing, and from the troubled ocean of life, we ſhall arrive ſafe at the haven of happineſs and repoſe; where ſtorms ſhall never enter, and where billows ceaſe to roar.

"Thrice happy they, the wife, contented poor,
"From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure,
"They tempt no deſerts, and no grief they find,
"Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind."

ALPHONSO.

THE FATHER:

Or, AMERICAN SHANDYISM.

A COMEDY—IN FIVE ACTS.

CONCLUDED.

ACT V.

Enter Ranter.

Ran. WELL, I have ſecured my retreat. One deed of pleaſure and then off. Let me ſee, (*looks at his watch,*) it is near the time I was to meet her at Mrs. Quels'—Faith I believe I had better be off; 'tis ſafeſt; and by ſtaying I only add to my good deeds. It is not likely though, that I ſhall meet the Colonel again; yet it is ſafeſt to be off—but then to break an appointment with a lady—oh for ſhame, not for the world. Racket will be out—let me ſee—I muſt entice her home.

Enter Racket.

Ha! Racket, I thought you was for the play.

Rack. I am now on the wing.

Ran. I ſhould be happy to accompany you, but that I am engaged to ſpend the evening at Mrs. Quels'. I ſhall have a curſt time of it; ſtew'd up with a meſs of old women at a card table, to play at halfpenny lieu.

Rack. I am ſorry I cannot have your company. Who is of your party?

Ran. I can only judge by what were there when I viſited her before, and your wife ſays the ſame party always go together, as inſeparable as Rooks, Lawyers, or Scotchmen.

Rack. What, Mrs. Jumpty, I ſuppoſe, and the amiable ſiſters, with their henpeck'd huſbands.

Ran. Even ſo. When I was there before, I was ſeated between old Mrs. Mumble Cruſt and Mrs. Bounce Flobby, while oppoſite ſat the elegant Miſs Van-brot-wagenhauf and her papa: "I thinks, Captain," ſays Mrs. Mumble, "it's mighty warm, eh, he, he, ha! do you think ſo Captain, he, he, he, ha!" "It muſt be expected," ſays I, "that I ſhould be warm, ſituated between two ladies whoſe charms"—"I gueſs," cries Madam Bounce Flobby, interrupting my compliment, "I gueſs the Captain is pretty well ſqueezed between us, for we are none of the ſmalleſt." "Ha, ha, ha, Madam," ſays I, "I ſwear your wit is too much this weather." "I thinks it is confounded hot," cries Mr. Van-brot-wagenhauf, taking off his wig and rubbing his pate, "I ſweats like a tea water man's horſe, Cot pleſs me, I am all of a muck." "Law, pappa," cries Miſs, "how can you uſe ſuch vulger diſpreſſions."

Rack. Ha, ha! you are as cenſorious as the party you have been deſcribing; but it is time you was with them, and I at the Theatre.

Ran. It is—well, adieu—I will take care of your wife; pleaſant thoughts to you. [*Exit.*

Racket *alone.*

Keep her out of my way, and I ſhall be thankful. Now for my little chambermaid—Cupid! thou arch rogue aſſiſt me. [*Exit.*

Enter Col. Duncan *and* Cartridge.

Col. No news yet of the old ſoldier?

Car. None, Sir, Jacob ſays he has been to every place where he thought ſuch a poor old man might lodge, but hears nothing of him.

Col. Well, what of Ranter?

Car. I have watched all his motions, your honour. He has engaged horſes of Hallet, to be at the city tavern by ten o'clock: he has been here, and is now gone to a houſe in the neighborhood, where Mrs. Racket is, but a few doors off.

Col. Then do you go and exert yourſelf to find the aged ſoldier—all is uncertainty without him.

Car. I will find him, ſir, if poſſible— [*Exit.*

Col. Duncan *alone.*

Alas! my poor Caroline! this laſt diſappointment has been too much for her ſtrength. Should the night paſs away without further diſcovery, I fear for her health. I begin to loſe my own ſorrows in my alarms for her— [*Exit.*

Stage darkened by degrees.—Enter Racket—Suſannah *following with a bundle.*

Suſ. Well, there then;—you may take the clothes and dreſs yourſelf—I'll go get a candle.

Rack. No, no! ſtay. There is not the leaſt occaſion for a candle—come this way—don't be afraid.

Suſ. Why, I gueſs you don't want me.

Rack. Why, I gueſs I do;—come, give me the clothes, give me the bundle, and then we will go into your miſtreſs' room.

Suſ. No, Sir, I can't indeed, I thank ye, Sir, here's the clothes.

Rack. Thank ye (*catches her in his arms*) little devil.

Suſ. Law ſouls! how you do ſqueeze a body—Oh marcy—let me go—here's ſomebody coming—Oh dear me ſuz!

Rack. Here! here! they will ſoon paſs. (*Retire back.*)

Enter Doctor Quieſcent, *groping.*

Qui. Did not I hear ſomething?—Nothing.—Well, as I have found the ſtreet door open, I will ſteal ſoftly to her chamber, and tell her—that Obadiah Clump is bit by a mad dog—opium—let me ſee—(*Stands conſidering.*)

Enter Mrs. Grenade *oppoſite, groping.*

Wid. I am ſure I heard a noiſe. It is but prudent to reconnoitre, however;—it is ſo dark, there would be no diſcovering an enemy 'till within piſtol ſhot.

Qui. Ay, I will put him to reſt—(*Walks againſt the widow, both ſtart.*)

Wid. Oh la! thieves!

Qui. I muſt ſkulk. (*Retires back.*)

Wid. I am ſo frightened I dare not ſcream—Oh dear me—I can't find the way back again—(*Groping about, gets from the front.*)

Mrs. R. (*without*) Suſannah! Suſannah! hand a candle.

Suſ. Oh! law ſouls, it's old Nick come for us.

Rack. Huſh! they will ſoon paſs—

Enter Mrs. Racket *groping,* Ranter *following, as from the ſtreet.*

Mrs. R. Suſannah! Jacob! Cartridge! is there no one to bring me a light?

Ran. Dear Madam, do not diſtreſs yourſelf on my account; make no ſtranger of me—I will aſſure you, I have not one fear at being left in the dark with you; we will keep cloſe, and drive away hobgoblins.

Mrs. R. Where can the ſervants be? I hope, Sir, you will not miſconſtrue my conſenting to return home with you—I thought Mr. Racket was at home, but I fear he is not—Suſannah! Jacob! Mr. Racket!—Indeed, Sir, I was tired of the inſipid company I was in, and expected to make a more agreeable party here—

Ran. You ſhall not be diſappointed, Madam! fortune favours us—your huſband is at the theatre, the ſervants out, let us ſeize this moment, this happy moment, formed, contrived, fated for our mutual happineſs—

Mrs. R. Sir, my folly has betrayed me into an unexpected ſituation—I thought I had been with a gentleman, and my huſband's friend.

Ran. You are with one that adores you—think, Madam, on your huſband's uſage; is it not evident that he wrongs you with your ſervant? Think of his neglects—his debaucheries; and pity one that would hold himſelf bleſſed above mortals, if he had you for a wife—

Mrs. R. One who would violate the ſacred laws of hoſpitality, and ruin the man he calls friend! Oh how low has my thoughtleſs levity and fooliſh ſcheme reduced me!—

Ran. All aback—upon a wrong ſcent; dam'me.

Mrs. R. Suſannah! Jacob!—will no one bring me a light.

Ran. (*aſide*) There ſeems to be no one in the houſe—why then all ye devils, who preſide over, inflame, and feed paſſion! aſſiſt me! look ye, Madam; you have by your behaviour (call it what you will) encouraged my deſires; you have placed yourſelf in a tolerably convenient ſituation; this is as much as I in conſcience could expect *you* to do; 'tis now *my* buſineſs to act—and ſo by your leave, Madam—(*ſeizing her.*)

Mrs. R. Unhand me, ruffian!

Col. (*without*) This way, Cartridge, ſee who it is.—

Ran. Ha! (*Lets her go.*)

Mrs. R. Thank heaven!

Enter Col. Duncan, *followed by* Cartridge, *with a candle. Stage lighted.*

Col. What have we here?

(*In the confuſion,* Ranter *lays hold of the widow; the Doctor of* Suſannah; *and Mrs.* Racket *flies into her husband's arms.*)

Ran. The widow, by all that's ugly!

Wid. Inſolent puppy! [*Exit.*

Suſ. Law! Mr. Doctor, is it you? (*They ſtand confuſed.*)

Mrs. R. My huſband! am I in your arms?

Rack. In my heart, firmly! firmly rooted—injured woman!—for you, raſcal—

Mrs. R. Pity and deſpiſe him—think him beneath your revenge, and do not by a quarrel, riſk a life now to be render'd precious to your friends.

Rack. Out of my houſe, Sir, and thank this injured lady, that I do not revenge myſelf.

Ran. Revenge! for what? for keeping your wife company, while you preferred her ſervant?

Rack. Shame and tortures.

Car. Why Mrs. Suſannah, how came you playing hide and go ſeek among them?

Suſ. I—I—I—my maſter—he Ma'am—your clothes—that is—I—ma'am—he—indeed I didn't—and ſo—and ſo ma'am—that's all indeed. (*cries.*)

Rack. Suſannah is innocent, though to my ſhame be it ſpoken, my intention in enticing her here was not—but this intention (though evil) ſhall be bleſs'd, and every thing which has ſerved to open my eyes to my folly, and my wife's virtue:—Suſannah, go in; you ſhall not be blamed; I bear teſtimony that you are a good girl.

Suſ. Thank'ee, Sir,—I'm ſure I wouldn't for the world, ſo I wouldn't. [*Exit ſobbing.*

Qui. A very extraordinary caſe this! ha? Racket, I once ſaw ſomething like it in France. A gentleman—

Rack. As to you, Mr. Ranter, find the door.

Qui. I think you might hear a body though!

Ran. Sir, your moſt obſequious ſervant.—Madam, yours.—(*Bows, going.*)

Col. Stop, Sir! I have an account againſt you.

Ran. Sir! (*aſide*) him I fear—well, Sir!

Col. I am not ſatisfied that you came honorably by that ring. I muſt know more—it belong-

ed to my wife! to my ſon! (*All, in ſurpriſe,* Son!) You ſay he is dead, but I hope to find, that what you ſay is falſe.

Ran. (*aſide*) This is an unexpected ſtroke.

Col. Cartridge, you told me that you have found the ſoldier.

Car. I did, your honour, I could not prevail on him to come with me, but he ſaid he would be here anon.

Col. Then, Sir, I ſhall be enabled to judge, whether I am to look upon you as my ſon's friend, or not. If what you ſay is true, I ſhall not ſo much regret his loſs.

Ran. Sir, Capt. Haller did not know that he had a father living—but, Sir—I—I am very ſorry that I ſhould be the meſſenger of ill news to a father; and, Sir, as I ſuppoſe his ignorance of you occaſioned his giving the ring to me, I am ready to give it to one who has undoubtedly a prior title. (*Offers the ring.*)

Col. No, Sir. Though valuable for the ſake of the dear woman who once wore it, if my ſon gave it—it is your's, and wear it. It is ſomething more precious, I would enquire into—does he live? Tell me he lives, and keep it with my thanks!

Ran. I have already ſaid he is dead. I have buſineſs, and do not chuſe to ſtay, when I have been told to go—(*Going, meets* Haller *and* Campley, *he ſtarts*)—now all's over.

Hall. Villain, thou canſt not eſcape. Here your career is finiſhed, ungrateful man! (*To* Rac.) Sir, do not think me rude in thus ſeizing my ſervant, who, when I was on a ſick bed, robbed me, and has with matchleſs impudence, impoſed on your hoſpitality in my clothes. Firſt let me ſtrip him of theſe noble badges, which ſhould only reſide with honour. (*Takes from him the cockade and ſword.*) And laſt, this ring! on which, with ſuperſtitious veneration, I have believed my fate to depend. (*Takes the ring, the colonel gazes at him.*)

Col. (*aſide*) It is—it is himſelf! his mother ſhines in every look and action—Sir—I cannot ſpeak—I choke—Sir, from whom did you receive it?

Hall. From my father, Sir. A dying father—cloſe by my ſide he fell, ſtriving to ſuccour me, then fainting with my wounds, "Henry," ſaid he, "if you ſhould live—the ring—your father," he could ſay no more—excuſe me, Sir—I loved him.

Col. Generous Haller! he would have told thee that thy father lived.

Hall. Sir!—

Col. My boy! my noble boy! I am thy father! (*Claſps him to his arms.*)

Hall. Col. Duncan, my father!

Col. Suſpend your admiration for awhile.—When your angel mother died, and I returned to this my native country, I left you an infant with the brave, the generous Haller, as his ſon. Fate has withſtood our meeting till this moment, and long I mourned you ſlain.

Hall. I ſoon recovered of my wounds, though left on the field for dead—to find ſuch a father—(*Offers to kneel.*)

Col. (*catching him in his arms*) My brave, my noble boy! Oh, 'tis too much—my old eyes play the fool—but there is another who claims a part in theſe joyful embraces, one my ſon, whoſe worth I hope you know, to whom I fly with the glad tidings of happineſs and peace. [*Exit.*

Hall. Oh, Campley, you never ſaw me tremble thus before.

Camp. Courage, man! you have not much to fear, tho' I believe you will be made priſoner.

Rack. As an unworthy friend of your noble father, Sir, I give you welcome. Mrs. Racket, Sir. (*Introducing her.*)

Hall. The ſiſter of Miſs Felton? We ſhall be better acquainted. This is my friend, Lieut. Campley. (Racket *bows to* Campley; *during this the Doctor is very buſy talking to* Cartridge *in the back ſcene, who ſeems uneaſy.*)

Rack. The noble Capt. Ranter, has given me your character, Capt. Haller.—This, Sir, is the good-natured, fooliſh, cowardly friend of yours, who challenged the little lawyer, and had his brains blown out by an officer, the gentleman you uſed to ſave from being kicked.

Ran. Gentlemen, you have detected me, and now have me in your power. Treat me as your generoſity ſuggeſts.

Rack. I ſtand reproved: I cannot look upon you with an evil eye; you have been inſtrumental in reſtoring me to my ſenſes, and ſhewing me the virtues of a good wife.

Mrs. R. One who will be ſo in future, Mr. Racket; he has been the means of ſhewing me the folly of thinking to reclaim you, by an appearance of vice in myſelf. I truſt, in future, when we ſhall feel each other's worth, and our mutual happineſs, we ſhall be tempted to bleſs him.

Qui. (*comes forward,*) What is all this? Has Miſs got a brother come home by chance? Are you (*To* Haller) Miſs Felton's brother, Sir?

Hall. Her huſband, Sir.

Qui. Ha, ha, ha! your ſervant for that, Sir—ſhe is engaged to me—ha, ha, ha! her huſband; well, that's laughable enough.

Hall. Engaged to you, Sir! pray, Sir, who are you?

Qui. A phyſician, Sir; took my degree at Edinburgh; obtained it by writing a theſis upon recovering drowned kittens; a ſurgeon, Sir; celebrated as a pharyngotomiſt, a phytologiſt, ſtudied in Italy; a pharmacologiſt, a phlebotomiſt, verſed in the phyſical, chirurgical, and obſtretical arts—Doctor Quieſcent.

Hall. Poor fellow, he's mad.

Qui. Sir!

Mrs. R. I thought ſo this morning; poor Doctor! I heard him ſay ſomething about mad dogs.

Qui. Madam!

Rack. Vanity has turn'd his brain, poor fellow!

Qui. Sir! what do you mean, Sir?

Car. Jacob ſaid he was crazy.

Qui. Sir!

Mrs. R. Go home and go to bed, Doctor.

Qui. Madam! I'll be revenged for this; reveng'd upon you all, by all that's phyſical, chymical, and galenical, [*Exit.*

Rack. Poor fellow! ha, ha, ha!

Enter Col. Duncan *and Miſs* Felton.

Hall. My Caroline.

Miſs F. Henry! alive! under this roof! Oh let me fly! (*Embrace.*) Merciful heaven, 'tis he! he lives! it is my Henry—this is too much joy. (*Embrace.*)

Col. Bleſs ye! bleſs ye, my children! Oh, may an old fond parent's prayer be heard, and you be ever bleſſed,

Miſs F. Capt. Ranter here! I cannot bear his preſence, he told me that he ſaw my Henry die.

Hall. Villain! could you, with cool deliberate cruelty, torture ſuch innocence?

Rack. Kick him out, Mr. Cartridge.

Car. Excuſe me, your honour; when a man is going down hill, there will be enough to kick and puſh him, without me.

Rack. Ought he not to fall?

Car. Yes, your honour, but his own guilt is heavy enough to ſink him; heaven forbid I ſhould make the weight more galling.

Miſs F. Indeed, I did not know that he was unfortunate, or I would not have moved anger againſt him for the world.

Hall. Since you forgive him, my dear Caroline, I will take a leſſon of this noble ſpirited old ſoldier.—Marſh, when I took you as my ſervant, your being ſick, and poſſeſſing more knowledge than we commonly meet with in the ranks, was your only recommendation: I heard your ſtory, and believed you, but your behaviour ſince, makes me think, that what you then told me is falſe; tell me truly who you are, and be aſſured I can freely forgive you; I am too happy to bear malice.

Ran. Say, too good, Sir. I have been a moſt ungrateful villain all my life. My father was a clergyman, in the neighbourhood of London, from whom I received a liberal education, which was finiſhed at Oxford. I gave myſelf up to vicious courſes, and in a drunken brawl, tho't I had killed one of my companions, I made off, and having robbed my father, I embarked for this country; and, after paſſing through various ſcenes of villainy and miſery, I enliſted in your company—you know the reſt.

Col. Your father!

Ran. My father! (*Turns from them.*)

Col. Is he dead?

Ran. My guilty deeds ſent him with ſorrow to the grave. The man whom I thought I had killed, recovered—but I murdered my poor father more effectually. Let me have juſtice—I am a robber.

Miſs F. Would that heaven would forgive as freely as all here do.

Col. It would be impious to think otherwiſe. Let us retire from this hall——We will reſtore you to peace, but firſt muſt reſtore you to the paths of VIRTUE, for out of them there is none.

Married,

In Newbury, on Thurſday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Popkin, JAMES BURNHAM, Eſq. of this town, to Mrs. HANNAH SAWYER, of Newbury.

In Portſmouth, Capt. GEORGE M'LEAN, to Miſs ANN TRIPE.

Died,

In Philadelphia, Dr. ELIJAH PERKINS:—He was returning from an evening viſit with his wife, was ſeized in the ſtreet with a fit of coughing, and in a few minutes expired.—It is remarkable though he had no previous indiſpoſition, he had a ſtrong preſentiment of his ſpeedy diſſolution.—Walking with his lady on the evening of his death, on paſſing a cabinet maker's ſhop, he ſaw a coffin, and ſaid, *Our friend is preparing a coffin for ſome perſon, and perhaps the next he makes may be for me.* This was the caſe.

In Salem, Mr. JOHN CARWICK, æt. 28:—He was purſuing his buſineſs in the enjoyment of perfect health on Saturday evening, and on Sunday evening was lying beneath the ſod.

'By nature's law, what may be, may be now:
'There's no prerogative in human hours.'

In Newbury, Miſs Ruth Plummer, æt. 28.—Miſs Polly Pearſon, æt. 15.—Child of Mr. Samuel Noyes, jr.—Child of Mr. Samuel Poor.

In this town, Mrs. Pike, wife of Mr. William Pike.—Child of Capt. James Swain.

NEW JEWELRY STORE.

I. D. TREADWELL,

Reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the Store, lately improved by Mr. A Tappan, No. 8, Water-ſtreet,

Where he offers for Sale, a handſome aſſortment of

GOLD and GILT JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
HARD WARE, CUTLERY,
and BRITANNIA WARE,
warranted to be of the neweſt faſhions,
wholeſale or retail.

☞ *Hair Work, Engraving, and Gold Lettering, executed with neatneſs.——Orders punctually attended to.*

COTTON YARN,

Of various numbers, for ſale by
MOSES KIMBALL, jr. *Market-Square.*

June 7, 1806.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY,
IMITATED.

TO *print*, or not to *print*—that is the queſtion.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous Fancy,
Or ſend a well-wrote copy to the preſs,
And by diſcloſing, end them. To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to ſay we end
The head-ache, and a thouſand natural ſhocks
Of ſcribbling frenzy—'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To print—to beam
From the ſame ſhelf with Pope, in calf well bound:
To ſleep, perchance, with Quarles—Aye, there's the rub—
For to what claſs a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath ſhuffled off ſome paltry ſtuff,
Muſt give us pauſe. There's the reſpect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirſt of fame,
The pride of conſcious merit, and 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and ſweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of ſteep Parnaſſus' hill,
That undiſcover'd country, with whoſe bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all,
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is ſicklied o'er with a pale manuſcript;
And enterprizers of great fire and ſpirit,
With this regard from *Printers* turn away,
And loſe the name of Authors.

ELIZA.

In fair Eliza's tender youth,
When reaſon firſt began to dawn,
I ſaw the nymph array'd in truth,
Pure as the taintleſs breath of morn.

Her charms with each revolving day
Unfolded to the admiring view,
Sweet as the op'ning flower of May,
When moiſten'd by the pearly dew.

Nor led by fancy's airy dreams,
Nor rul'd by faſhion's tinſel'd ſhow,
Her infant mind imbib'd the ſtreams
From whence the ſofteſt virtues flow.

I've mark'd the fair through ev'ry ſtage,
From childhood to the preſent hour,
I've ſeen each grace improve with age,
And ſwains unnumber'd own their pow'r.

Obſerv'd the radiance of her eye,
Which pleaſes, yet excites a fear,
Has never fail'd at miſ'ry's ſigh
To add new luſtre by a tear.

Behold her now, in beauty's prime,
Deſign'd by heaven to bleſs and pleaſe;
Her ſlender form matur'd by time,
Now moves with matchleſs grace and eaſe.

In curling treſſes loos'd behind,
The flowing ringlets of her hair,
Which float diſporting to the wind,
And ſhed new fragrance on the air.

Her voice like muſic to the ſoul,
Whoſe notes will charm the ſavage breaſt,
Can ev'ry flame but *love* controul,
And ſoothe each paſſion into reſt.

For the Merrimack Magazine.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The oratorical talents of Demoſthenes *were employ'd to the greateſt advantage in his time; he had the power of allaying or exciting the indignation of his countrymen, and could fire the world with arms, or cauſe peace to abound through the earth; but, notwithſtanding the unrivalled magnanimity which he ſeemingly poſſeſſed, he never was found in the field of battle, but had rather flee his country to avoid the danger of war.—The following pertinent lines were inſcribed on the tomb of this great Orator.*

DIVINE in ſpeech, in knowledge, too, divine,
Had valor's wreath, *Demoſthenes*, been thine,
Fair Greece had ſtill her freedom's enſign borne,
And held the ſcourge of Macedon with ſcorn.
PLUTARCH.

AN EPITAPH,
On Dr. SHERIDAN, author of the Art of Punning.

Beneath this marble ſtone there lies
Poor Tom, more merry much than wiſe;
Who only liv'd for two great ends,
To ſpend his caſh, and loſe his friends.
His darling wife of him bereft,
Is only griev'd—there's nothing left.

THE PRUDENT MAID.

Help me nature, help me art,
Why ſhould I deny my heart?
If a lover ſhould purſue,
Like the wiſeſt let me do;
I will fit him if he's true;
If he's falſe I'll fit him too.

ON A PALE LADY.

WHENCE comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?—
Is it, that the abſent roſe
Is gone to paint her huſband's noſe?

Diversity.

LEDYARD'S EULOGY ON WOMEN.

I HAVE always remarked that women in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modeſt; and that they do not heſitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, arrogant, nor ſupercilious, they are full of courteſy, and fond of ſociety; more liable in general to err than man, but generally more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, either civilized or ſavage, I never addreſſed myſelf in the language of decorum and friendſhip, without receiving a decent and friendly anſwer—with men it has been otherwiſe.

In wandering over the barren plains of inhoſpitable Denmark, thro' honeſt Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churliſh Finland, unprincipled Ruſſia, and the wide ſpreading regions of the wandering Tartar—if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or ſick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly ſo; and to add to this virtue (ſo worthy of the appellation of benevolence) theſe actions have been performed in ſo kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the ſweeteſt draught—and if hungry, I eat the coarſeſt morſel, with a double reliſh.

ON GOVERNING THE PASSIONS.

AMONG the various ſubjects that are diſcuſſed, there is one of importance too much unnoticed; to moderate unruly paſſions, and regulate the will, may not improperly engroſs the attention. The mind of man is ſo calculated to ennoble itſelf, that it may juſtly be ſtiled the moſt copious field in nature. The works of creation "proclaim their great original;" but the ſtudy of the ſoul is the moſt ſtupendous, entertaining, and inſtructive. To have a right knowledge of ourſelves, is an attainment at which few arrive; yet, as thoſe who form the family of mankind are free agents, and conſequently independent as to their thoughts, words, and actions, if they check the riſing propenſities of evil, and encourage thoſe that are praiſe-worthy, ſo far they act in conformity to what is beſtowed on them, eſtabliſh the empire of reaſon in their hearts, and are entitled to the proverbial ſaying of the wiſe man—"He that ruleth the ſpirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

I do not pretend to inveſtigate the matter, but freely own my motive is to court ſome abler pen, being ſenſible my youth and inexperience will pronounce me too unequal for ſuch a ſubject, and ſufficiently apologize for ſo abruptly leaving what ſome perhaps will ſay I had no right to attempt.—A compliance with this invitation will be conſidered as a condeſcenſion to inſtruct a *Female Enquirer.*

A VERY GOOD RULE.

A MAN who had climbed a cheſnut tree, had by careleſſneſs miſſed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground with ſuch violence as to break one of his ribs. A neighbour coming to his aſſiſtance remarked to him drily, 'that had he followed his rule in theſe caſes, he would have avoided this accident.' 'What rule do you mean,' ſaid the other indignantly. 'This,' replied the philoſopher, 'never to come down from a place faſter than you go up.'

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